

Select Story.

Wedded and Doomed!

By author of "Set in Diamonds."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

"Of course you cannot," he repeated; "you cannot deny that you love me; equally, of course, you will be my wife. Why, Undine, my darling, you take my offer of marriage like a—tragedy queen."

"I can never be your wife," she repeated.

"Never is a long day, darling. When a beautiful girl owns that she honors a man by loving him, she will be sure to yield in the end."

"I can never yield," said Undine, sadly—"never."

"Then I must take you by force," he said. "I have won the greatest concession; you have owned that you love me; I want nothing just yet. Will you say those words again, Undine? Say 'I love you, Ray!'"

She never thought of refusing him. "I love you, Ray," she repeated.

"And I love you, Undine," he said. "Listen to me, beloved; the light of the moon may change, the stars might fall, but this word which I pledge to you shall stand. You love me! I, in my turn, swear that I will devote my whole life to winning you. Nothing shall daunt me, no difficulty dismay me. If you had said that you did not love me, I would have gone; as you do, I stay."

A light of exultation came into his face, a ring of triumph in his voice. "Do you know why you will not marry me?" he asked; "because I do."

"You do?" she cried; and he must have seen the mortal terror in her face.

"Yes, I know; I will tell you! I have asked you too abruptly. You are so young, my darling, so gentle, so tender, so fair, and the world has frightened you. Forget that I used it, and remember only that you have told me you love me. I shall never lose the sound of those words from my ears."

"You are so good to me," she said, with a deep sigh of relief; "and shall we be just the same as before, Ray?"

He smiled at the simple question.

"Yes, my darling!" he replied. "We shall be just as we were before. There shall be no difference. You must learn in the meantime to endure the sound of the word 'wife!'"

"Oh, Ray," she cried, despairingly, and something like a sob came from the fresh young lips—"Oh, Ray, say something to comfort me!"

He did not understand the appeal, but there was trouble in the dear voice. He caressed the golden hair, that looked in the moonlight like the aureole of a saint; he whispered every sweet and loving word to her. He did not understand why, in a few minutes, she clung to him with tears.

"I will not say another word, Undine, for a whole week," he said; "but when the week has passed, I will ask you again."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FACE to face with it at last; the terrible truth, that she was deeply in love with this one man, and married to another.

Truly, the world lay between them, they would never, in all human probability, meet again; if she had been offered the whole world she could not have found him, she had no trace of him; she had passed out of his life, he had passed out of hers; the whole wide world lay between them. She knew now to the full extent what she had done.

She went home from the ball with those words ringing in her ears—"Will you be my wife?" It was the second time she had heard them. She was like one, who coming to the end of a long road, suddenly sees a precipice, and knows the next step taken will be fatal. She had been Undine without a soul until now, and now it had come to her. She said little as the drove home under the light of the stars, she was thinking deeply. Lady Estmere noticed how thoughtful she was; even they all three reached the boudoir where they were accustomed to meet and talk over the events of each evening, and Undine was, as a rule, the

gayest of the gay, she stood now silent, her white wrap drawn round her beautiful face, fair and pale in the subdued light of the lamps.

"What are you thinking of to-night, Undine?" asked Lady Estmere.

"Many things, mamma," Undine replied.

"Tell me what they are, Undine," said Lady Estmere. "I like to know your thoughts, I like to follow them."

Her daughter's beautiful face grew pale, then flushed crimson, and Lady Estmere was just a little puzzled when she saw that.

"I was thinking of people whom we know, mamma; just at that moment, more especially of Lord Chandos."

There was a faint ring of something unusual in her voice, and Lady Estmere looked at her with a sudden gleam of delight.

"Lord Chandos!" she repeated; "you were thinking of him, Undine? What do you think of him? Tell me what your thoughts are like."

"I like him, mamma," she answered slowly.

"So do I," said Lady Estmere.

Then mother and daughter glanced at each other.

"Undine," said her mother, "I have no wish to influence you—I shall never attempt to do so, but the dearest wish of my heart would be fulfilled if you learned to care for Lord Chandos; he is the one man in the wide world I should choose for you to marry, if the choice were mine."

She wondered a little why her daughter did not look up with her usual brightness. She went on:

"He is the noblest man I have ever met. How your father would have liked him."

And the girl drooped her beautiful head as she heard the words, for she remembered what her father had said about that other one, whose name she dare not repeat to herself.

"I am sure he would, mamma," she murmured, her head drooping on her breast.

Lady Estmere bent over her, and touched the golden head with loving hands.

"I do not like to say too much, my darling," she whispered; "but if Lord Chandos shows any signs of preference for you, encourage them."

Undine made no answer. She kissed her mother's face, and turned away. But when she reached the solitude of her own room, she stood face to face with the most terrible truth that ever confronted a girl—she had married one man, and she loved another. There was nothing to soften or palliate it—nothing to excuse it. She wondered if any woman had ever done such a thing before. Marry a man—desert him—leave no trace of herself by which he could find her—then fall in love with another.

And now—now that she knew what real love meant—she knew that she had never loved that other. It had been a glamour, a fancy, a dream that had passed. She knew that she had been led away by caprice by the novelty and whim of the moment—that she had never stopped to think—that handsome face and persuasive voice on the hill-top had led her where otherwise she would never have gone. With what bitter, unavailing regret she looked back to it, with what passionate tears of misery and pain.

But for that, what a life lay before her! But for that, how happy she might be; for she loved him—loved him with all her heart, loved the very ground on which he trod, loved the mention of his name and the sound of his voice. But for that, she might have been proud, glad, and happy in her love; she might have been the wife of this man whom she loved.

Up and down that luxurious room she walked wringing her hands, her face pallid with despair, her golden hair lying like a veil over her shoulders.

Oh, if she could undo it—if she could but live her whole life again—if she could but undo that fatal, horrible past!

What had possessed her? Young, fair, beautiful as she was—what had induced her to commit so great a folly, so mad an act? It was too late to undo it, too late to repent.

"Ah, who will help me," sobbed the unhappy girl; "who can help me, to whom can I appeal? What shall I do?"

And the night that should have been spent in sleep and rest was spent in tears. She felt that, above all, she had her own ignorance to struggle with—she knew so little, she knew nothing of the laws of marriage, nothing of what made it valid or invalid, legal or illegal; there was no one of whom she could ask such questions, unless it was to her mother.

She came down to the breakfast, looking so pale and worn that Lady Estmere was distressed over her.

(To be continued.)

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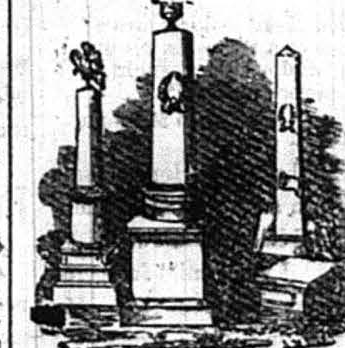
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Reserve.....£544,576 19 11
Premium Reserve.....362,188 18 2
Balance of profit and loss ac't.....67,895 12 6

III.—LIFE FUND.
Accumulated Fund (Life Branch).....£3,274,835 19 1
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£3,747,983 2 3

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Nett Life Premiums and Interest.....£469,075 5 3
Annuity Premiums (including £108,992 2 4 by single payment) and interest.....124,717 7 11

£593,792 13 4

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Daily Colonist.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1887.

DEMACOGUES.

It would be the rankest heresy in this age of progress and poverty to cast the slightest doubt upon the fact that in all cases the best and only form of government is "a government for the people, of the people, and by the people." But this people, whose voice is the voice of God, who are the repository of all power, and who, at certain periods, delegate this power to their representatives in consideration of certain public work, sheep, seed potatoes &c., is a careless, fickle and unstable aggregate. A multitude to be carefully guided, whose thoughts should be directed into the proper channels by intelligent leaders; not to be blindly and indiscriminately followed, as the wind of passion varies, by dishonest and office-loving demagogues. Every government will, of necessity, include among its supporters some demagogues, and perhaps wisely so, for they represent a certain class of the community and help to prevent a too conservative tendency pervading their party, though they do not appear to be able to distinguish a difference between the wants and the needs of the people. But that country is in a very bad condition, when all the members of its political parties are demagogues, trading upon the religious and all other prejudices of the people without a desire or a thought for their prosperity or happiness so long as their favor has been maintained, and when this spirit pervades all departments, all being imbued with it, from the highest officer in the state to the political chaffroner grubbing in the dust-heap for the shattered fragments of what was once a popular election cry. And when the press, following in the steps of the politicians, assails the ears of the people with details of their wrongs and long lists of well known and threadbare grievances in phrases long since stereotyped upon the minds of their readers, then, indeed the condition of the people is almost hopeless. They become discontented and dissatisfied, wishing and working for impossible or fancied reforms, and neglecting their employment, while the dishonest charlatan who brought them to this plight calmly pockets the fees of his office and laughs at the dupes whom he knows he can gull again.

The absence of anything like well-defined party politics here, throws every representative of the people upon his own resources and his own merits, and unless he has a level head and an honest heart (which he usually hasn't) will naturally develop into the wily demagogue. Men as individuals, and not as members of a political party, are returned by the electors; the party merges in the individual instead of the individual in the party. The representative, knowing that he will not share in the acts of his party, unless they are unpopular, is compelled to give undue prominence to himself by leading a forlorn hope upon the Board of Works for an increase of the special grant, or by many-columned newspaper attacks upon some one known and disliked by the people he represents. Weak-minded and time-serving politicians can be pardoned for thus courting the favor of the rabble; but it is to be regretted that we have not men of sterling worth and independence, who would put their foot down upon thus catering to the worst inclinations of the people and rendering them paupers and government dependents. The politician who could manoeuvre a road grant of two or three hundred dollars, would now find more favor even in a metropolitan district than he who could plan and execute a project of equal magnitude to the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The members of the assembly should be more independent of their constituents than they appear to be. The opinion of any one or ten individuals of his district should not influence him in his actions, he himself is probably a better judge of "what is best for the people than they are; nor again should he sacrifice the benefit of the country to that of some or all of his constituents. He should try to lead rather than be led by the people; to bring the crowd up to the level of his intelligence rather than descend to the level of theirs. Some writer has remarked and with great truth, that the people perhaps are the best judges of their immediate necessities, but through want of reflection and education cannot know with certainty what will be best for them for a long continued period. Their representatives must decide this for them even in defiance of their inclinations and desires. The politician should abjure, for all practical purposes at any rate, faith in the maxim that the "voice of the people is the voice of God," and be firmly determined to resist the

"Civium ardor prava jubentium;"

[The wild fury of his threatening fellow-citizens.] and thus, and not by slavish adherence to the shouts of the multitude, will he ever effect any good for his country and his fellows.

The banking schooner M. M. Bartlett, Captain Williams, with 450 qtls. fish, arrived at Bay Bulls on Saturday. This brings her total up to 2,000 qtls. The steam tanker Alert arrived at the same place on Sunday, with 300 qtls., making a total of 2,800. The Alert is commanded by Captain Gould.

THE POLICE COURT.

MURRAY'S MERRY MONDAY MORNING.

"He sighed as he stood there looking down on his well worn pants of a moleskin brown. 'Yes,' said the judge 'and a viler draught, By a harder cit. was never quaffed.'"

—MAUD MULLER.

"It was a vile draught, your Honor," said No. 1, "but I was torn with such conflicting emotions, that I think I would have swallowed lava if it had been given me. I am a mild tempered man, and my angry passions seldom rise. My mother-in-law lives with me and I agree with her. A young lady, who has lately come back from a foreign boarding school, lives next door and plays night and day on the piano, but I have thus far endured the torture and smiled. I own half interest in a twin six months old, who make the midnight hour musical, but I have never uttered a cross word. But Saturday morning in the drizzling gloaming just as I had been allowed to go to rest by the aforementioned twins, a boy fiend, in unearthy accents, yelled under my window 'Do you want any pudden,' 'do you want any pudden.' I had put up with the 'Butter-fly Dude' and other youthful warcries but this was too much. The pent up agony of years burst through its embankment, and I arose a madman. I hurled the washstand, the chest of drawers and other loose furniture on the head of the 'puddin' fiend, and then very scantily clad, fled wildly from home. To ease my throbbing temples I drank of the vile compound—gin, molasses and bavianian—drank till I became unconscious." "Where did you find him, officer?" said the Judge. "Marching up Water-street before daylight on Sunday morning, clad in a newspaper, a plug hat and a pair of half-boots and a paper collar. He carried a picket in his hand staffwise, and was singing we won't go home till morning. Thinking that there might be some political news in the paper, I escorted him to the station." I sympathise with you No. 1, but the price of a ticket to get home this morning will be one dollar. He paid his fine and sailed for his tent, Monkstown, where he makes drums for a living. The largest crowd for many weeks occupied the front seats, and his Honor saw he would have a tough morning's work. The space outside the bar was thronged with an admiring audience, and an open-mouthed gentleman from Lower Island Cove took in the details, to relate to the family circle at home, embellished and contorted during the long winter months. Just now he has a vision of his home in the bay, a roaring woodfire in the hearth, and a roaring storm outside. He sits in the rude chair-box and sees his small boy climb his knee and whisper in lisping accents: "Fader, fader, tell us about the p'leece court!" "No. 2, come up!" and a young man who abides on Hayward Avenue came forward. He reached his majority a few days ago and had been duly celebrating the event. He helps to bring salt from Cadiz, and coal from Sydney, for a living. His Honor let him go. "No. 3, come up!" and a youth of comely mein advanced to the bar. He digs drains, shovels coal and tars roofs for a living, and his domestic hammock is suspended in Casey-street. He was charged with wearing his coat inside out and trying to play "mummer" on Water-street. An officer, knowing that the season for "mummery" had not arrived, walked him in. He was privileged to pay a dollar and leave; he did so. No. 3 rocks on the briny, in a punt, off the stern shores of Logy Bay. He gave his age as thirty-two, and pleaded guilty to the charge of having aroused the inhabitants, by hiccupping on the street. He paid a dollar and skipped. No. 4 pleaded guilty of being a blacksmith, and said he drank a trifle. He said he was celebrating his birthday when interrupted by the officer. After hammering the officer a little he allowed himself to be conducted down. "One or three," said his Worship, "I pass" said the prisoner, and he did pass after paying two fifty cent pieces. No. 5 came forward and said he was a twenty-eight-year-old orphan, from Portugal Cove. He sells squids to bankers and talks through his nose for a living. He placed a dollar in the national pool and meandered. No. 6 loafs on his aged parents at their home on Duckworth-street. He said he was thirty-three and blasts rocks and dig graves for gas pipes for a living. He was charged with trying to dye his Sunday clothes in the mud of Water-street, and got lifted in for his pains. He subscribed five shillings and blotted himself from the landscape. No. 7 had roamed this uncertain vale for six and fifty years, and made three qualities of fish out of one on some wharf to earn a living. His "at homes" are announced from Casey-street. He paid five shillings to the head-constable for the privilege of sleeping in the lock-up for a night, after which he skipped outwards. No. 8 hailed from Kichham's-lane, and owned a god-father and god-mother twenty-four years. He was charged with rough handling the lady who lights his fire and rears his children, but the lady failing to appear against him he was let off to go home and beat her again. Oh! lovely moral satire a man is sent to jail for taking a few drinks, while a brute who beats his wife is allowed to go free. A cigar maker, who said he was 40, answered to the call of No. 9. He was only fighting a little, and was let off. No. 10 was but 19, and was charged with a similar offence. A young lady, the last of the batch, was charged with taking a quantity of clothing from the house in which she played the part of domestic. She was given six months. Ten small boys, charged with fruit stealing, were remanded till today. The court adjourned at 12.30.

The Prize Cups at the Agricultural Show.

As the time for the Agricultural Show draws near, and questions become more numerous, it may be well to answer one that seems most frequent, and that is: Are the cups to be awarded to the two largest number of prizes? the answer is: No! not necessarily so for the simple reason that a competitor might take a number of 2nd, 3rd and 4th prizes, and thereby win a cup which he is by no means entitled to.

The stock cup is for the best and largest collections of Stock, and the produce cup for produce in the same way. These cups are confined to members of the farmers' section only, and the judges will award them accordingly. The cups are on view at 112 Water-street East.—Com.

A REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.

A correspondent of the St. John Globe writes as follows on a subject that is uppermost in the public mind, in consequence of the appearance of the dread disease in New York:—

"In view of the cholera having appeared on this continent, on board of a vessel in the port of New York, the following recipe for its cure may be of use to people especially living in the country at a distance from a physician.

The following simple remedy was issued in handbill form from the Hibernian Printing Office, Dublin, Ireland, during the severe visitation of the cholera in 1836, and was the means of saving thousands of lives. It was also used with valuable effect in 1848, and we would advise its use again should that epidemic visit our shores.

"Dissolve one ounce of camphor in six ounces of spirits of wine, and give a small bottle of it to any intelligent person in your neighborhood who will undertake to administer it to his poor neighbors who are seized with cholera or any of its symptoms, without deviating in the slightest degree from the following instructions:—

"When any person is seized with symptoms of cholera, such as vomiting, purging, sudden weakness, coldness, cramps or spasms, do not give them brandy or whiskey, or any kind of medicine whatever, but put them to bed at once, covering them warmly, not overloading them with bedclothes, and as soon as you possibly can let the patient take two drops (not more) of the camphor mixture on a little pounded sugar in a spoonful of cold or iced water. In five minutes after let him take a second dose of two drops in the same way, and in five minutes more let him repeat the same thing. He is then to wait ten or fifteen minutes to see whether or not there is a sense of returning warmth with a disposition towards perspiration and manifest decrease of sickness, cramps, etc., when, if necessary, he must take two drops as before, and repeat the dose every five minutes until twelve or fifteen drops have been taken. In administering this remedy you must particularly observe that if the patient takes anything of any sort and kind, except cold or iced water while the medicine is intended to operate, its whole effect will be destroyed, for the least foreign medicine will neutralize the camphor which is given to check vomiting and to produce a free warm perspiration. The use of cold or iced water is given on the advice of the late celebrated and successful Dr. Paddock, of London, who always allowed his patients to drink cold or iced water, as it tends to promote free perspiration, and also the abundant discharge of yellow bile.

"The patient must not be allowed to rise and expose him or herself to the slightest degree of cold, and should not be tormented with baths, steamings or rubbing of any kind, but permitted to lie still, as he will fall asleep when perspiration comes on, and after some hours will, with God's assistance, awake well, though weak and languid and perhaps a little feverish, in which case he may get a dose, say, a teaspoonful of Gregory's powder of rhubarb and magnesia, with a little peppermint water of weak salvolatile and water to wash it down, but must be kept quiet, taking only a little soup, broth or gruel for a day or two."

Lord Ponsonby writing to his brother, the bishop of Derry, stated that to his knowledge, these camphor drops had proved to be a certain cure for cholera, both in France and Germany, whenever taken in time, and the cure is generally effected before it is possible to procure a physician—that is less than in an hour.

The steamer Plover left for the northward at 10 o'clock this morning. She took the following passengers:—Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Burke, Miss Joy, Miss Levisconte, Miss Ross, Rev. Messrs. Field, Andrews, Pitman, Sadington, Rafter, Weary, Pilot, and Horner, Messrs. Fanning, Saunders, and 10 in steerage.

Correspondence.

The Editor of this paper is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

A Man of Progress Requisite.

(To the Editor of the Colonist.)

DEAR SIR,—I have seen many persons named by your correspondents for the vacant seat in the house of assembly, and I agree with "Honest Injun" that unfortunately the people who ought to take an interest in the affairs of the colony, are very backward in so doing; and that is, to a great extent, the reason our representation is so very poor on the floors of the house. Now, sir, I don't remember a time when an independent man was so much required to represent St. John's East as at present. We will have to take the next municipal arrangement the government will bring forward at the next session, for it is quite clear the present state of St. John's cannot be let run any longer as it is. The town must be properly provided with sewerage—we must have our streets better lighted and cleaned—we must have the park for our recreation after our day's work—we want a greater extension of water supply. These are not idle luxuries, or things that are required by the rich only. Rich and poor require them; and it only remains now to devise the means of providing them. It is with these matters for St. John's directly, and then the roads and bridges in the outlying districts were never in a worse state than they are at present, little or no money being spent on them for the last two or three years, that the members will have to devote their time and, if honest to the people who placed them in the position, they will never be satisfied until they have them improved. Let not situations influence our members, for they may bear in mind the electors will not allow them to turn traitors on them now, but if they gain these things for their district within the next year or so, I am sure I am only speaking the public sentiment when I say they need not be afraid to come to us again, and we will return them with a will; if otherwise, we will send them back again with the greatest indignation we can heap upon their heads. Remember gentlemen, no bribes, no office-seeking, until you earn something! The trio who have had our destinies in hands for the past term did not earn even their sessional pay. I hope our worthy old friend, Mr. Charles Kichham, will not bother himself with this election, as he is wanted, clear of all contamination, to again watch the interests of St. John's. Yours, &c.,

Oct. 10th, 1887. WATER STREET.

[Our correspondent is just towards the present representatives of St. John's. He should remember they are in opposition, and hence they are comparatively powerless to effect legislation or control the administration of affairs. We have had some opportunity of knowing, and we deem it only simple justice to say that the representatives of St. John's East and West, are even importunate in trying to serve their constituents.—EDITOR COLONIST.]

An "East Ender" Wants Doctor Dearin.

(To the Editor of the Colonist.)

DEAR SIR,—As within a month there will be an election in St. John's East, to fill the vacancy created by the retirement of his Excellency Sir Ambrose Shea, is it possible that we can't get some reliable man to represent us? Some man who will have the interest of the country at heart, and not his own pocket; a person in whom the public can place every confidence, and one who will look after our interests. Where is Dr. Dearin? Has he lost his love for his native land? or is there no gratitude in the people for whom he worked so faithfully for so many years? In every settlement in the district of St. John's East he has left some mark of improvement. He was the promoter of our railway and the reviver of our bank fishery, and why should such a man be forgotten?—A man who has done so much for the country. Why not convene a public meeting and call out the Doctor, or some other man of sterling independence, for in this critical time we want our best man. Yours truly,

St. John's, Oct. 10. EAST-ENDER.

NEWS FROM THE NORTHWARD

(From the Twillingate Sun, October 1st, 1887.)

Very serious reports reach us of destruction caused by the gale of the 18th September. A boat that was anchored at Change Islands is said to have been lost with all hands. A worthy correspondent from Fogo, writing on the 28th ult., furnishes the following rumor, which is current there:—

On Sunday morning, 18th inst., (during the gale) a boat drove from her anchors at southern end of Change Islands, and became a total wreck; supposed all hands to be lost. Since then a considerable quantity of wreckage has been picked up on the Straight Shore, also a board or a piece of the stern with the name "Brothers" upon it. A report in circulation this afternoon says that some men belonging to Island Harbor discovered the bodies

of four men and a boy near some rocks, and also a considerable quantity of fish on the bottom.

From the same source we also learn that the schooner Jessie, of Ladle Cove, is ashore at White Point, having parted both chains, and is inside a bar that is 200 feet wide and dry at low tides. She is insured in the Twillingate Scheme.

The boat Fear Not, of Change Islands, was driven from her anchors at Fogo Islands, and it was thought she was lost, but a telegram from Captain William Windsor, Greenspond, informs us that she was picked up on the 29th September, twelve miles off Cabot Islands so that the poor man, Thomas Peckford, is not likely to be deprived of his little craft, which was about fifteen tons.

Two smaller boats from Change Islands were also driven away. The men losing their fall's catch of fish are reduced to complete distress for themselves and families.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

Michael Cunningham, the missing man, has not yet been found.

The highest point attained by the thermometer during the last twenty-four hours was 52; the lowest 43.

The executive committee of the H. I. B. Society will meet at 8 o'clock tomorrow (Wednesday) evening, and a full attendance is desirable.

The square heel-and-toe walking match which takes place at the Parade Rink this Tuesday evening promises to be very interesting as the following list of competitors will show:—Joseph French, L. O'Neill, J. Hafey, G. Raynes, E. Wheeler, J. Ryan, J. Bennett. advt.

Captain Hoeburg, of the schooner Consuelo, belonging to Messrs. W. H. Mac Son & Co., which ship arrived here yesterday, had his leg broken near the ankle while on the voyage. With the aid of his wife who was with him on the voyage he managed to bandage the broken place so effectually that it was very nearly cured when he reached port. Dr. Shea examined the broken limb yesterday. The captain will be all right in a few days.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Agricola," "Magna Charta," "Jack Blunt," "Homespun," on the question "What can be done to permanently shorten the period of enforced idleness in Newfoundland?" received. Your favors and others which we expect to get on the same subject will be published all in one issue in due time. "Water Street" on the vacant seat. The gentleman referred to would, no doubt, feel highly flattered by your good opinion, but there are insuperable objections, which render it impossible for him to enter the political arena at present.

The billiard tournament, played between members of the Temple and City Clubs, was decided last night by the Temple team winning by 19 points. When it is taken into account that the aggregate score on either side amounts to over 2,000 points, it will be seen that the beating was not a great one. It is said a return match will be played at the City Club rooms in a few days, and on the principle that "every rooster crows on his own dunghill," the City Club players expect to beat their opponents by a much larger number than 19. Appended are the detailed scores:—

CITY.	TEMPLE.
John Bowring.....212	C. E. Meehan.....250
Jeff Lash.....250	F. E. Bunting.....226
S. Rendell.....250	D. Stott.....218
M. Thorburn.....223	J. Rooney.....250
J. E. Kent.....172	M. J. O'Mara.....250
H. Hayward.....250	A. Pearce.....226
W. Gosling.....221	J. R. Knight.....250
E. A. Mutch.....242	J. Henderson.....250
C. R. Duder.....250	D. J. Greene.....219
F. Barnes.....250	Dr. A. J. Harvey.....200
Total.....2320	2339

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

TREMONT HOTEL.
Oct 1—Mr. O'Reilly, Placentia; Mrs. Griffin, Great Placentia; W. Nugent, St. John's; Master F. Croke, Ferryland; Miss M. Doody, Bonavista.
Oct. 6—James Hagan, St. Pierre; G. Hill, England; John Murphy, Gambo. Oct. 8th—Mrs. Tripple, Miss Tripple, & Master Tripple, Hearts Content; Mrs. J. Guy, Catalina; Mrs. Gerrett, Briggs.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED.
Oct 8—Clutha, St. Martins, 20 days, 350 tons salt—Munn & Co. Selina, Hawkins, Banks, 450 qtls fish (dry)—Munn & Co. Arrow, Parsons, Banks, 500 qtls fish (dry)—Munn & Co.

CLEARED.
Oct 1—Str Vanguard, Parsons, Sydney, ballast—Munn & Co. Annie Lloyd, Roberts, Sydney, ballast—Munn & Co.
4—Westward, Williams, Oporto, 240 qtls fish—Munn & Co.

BIRTHS.

KENEALLY—At Carbonear, Sept 30, the wife of John Keneally, of twin daughters.

DEATHS.

THORP—At Broad Cove, after a long and painful illness, borne with Christian resignation, Mary Thorp, aged 60 years.
PRER—Yesterday, Alice May, youngest daughter of Alfred and Sarah Pike, aged 18 years. Funeral tomorrow at 2.30 p.m., from her late residence, 401, New Gower-street. Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend without further notice.